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Miscellany.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ON THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GREAT BRITAIN, MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No fact can be better confirmed by observation, than that the periodical literature of a country is an index of the prevailing sentiments of its inhabitants. How and in what degree the press forms and directs these sentiments, or how far it is itself formed and directed by them, is another and a totally different question. Assuming, therefore, what cannot be contradicted, that the periodical press, no matter how, does exercise a constant and powerful influence over the tastes and habits, political, moral, and even over the religious opinions of mankind, it will be well worth our while to inquire into the origin, character, and tendency of that on which, it is scarcely too much to affirm, that the national happiness and improvement depend.

It is a common idea, we believe, that nothing deserving the name of a periodical press existed in this country previous to the days of queen Anne. This idea is not altogether correct. Long before a single paper of the Spectator was heard of, and even previous to the revolution, there were more than one regular print, in which the politics of the day were discussed, attacked, and defended, with fully as much asperity and keenness as at present. Every body that knows any thing of the history of the civil wars in England, is aware, that, during that stormy period, the press teemed with pamphlets vindicating their respective parties in their appeal to arms, and exhorting the people to rally round the throne, or calling on them to enlist in support of their constitutional rights under the banners of the parliament. The amiable and accomplished lord Falkland, who fell in the unfortunate battle of Newbury, aided the cause of his royal master as much by the vigour of his pen as the valour of his sword. And, at a somewhat later period, the first poet of modern times was only known as a controversialist, more famous during his life as the redoubted champion of popular freedom, than as the inimitable author of Paradise Lost. These pamphlets, it is true, do not come under the class of periodical writings. They are merely mentioned to show, that even then some deference was paid to public opinion, and that there existed considerably more of political feeling than we of this age are apt to believe. It is very difficult, indeed, to form a just estimate of the degree of interest taken by a remote age in affairs of government. In those things, feeling is a great deal, and it is quite impossible for us at this

remote period to enter into their feelings. Questions and events too that strike us when coolly narrated by the historian, as mere trifles destitute of importance, might probably appear in a very different light to those who viewed them at hand, whose interests were affected by their proximity, and whose passions were excited by their discussion. Besides, in the lapse of a few years, not only the party politics of a country become obsolete,—the very writings devoted to them are almost unknown. New questions, new events, and new interests are constantly occurring to engage men's attention, while the past are insensibly forgotten, and quietly sink into oblivion. Who now knows or cares about the innumerable party pamphlets of the Royalists, and Parliamentarians, and Church of England men, and Independents, and a hundred other sects of the seventeenth century? With a few solitary exceptions, they have met the fate they deserved, and have perished with the occasions and opinions that produced them. Perhaps there never was an age in which politics and political controversy employed so many able pens, or found so many intelligent and attentive readers as the present, yet it is a little mortifying to think, (what is nevertheless very true,) that in something less than half a century, the far greater part of them will be unheard of. The principles, indeed, and the constitutional questions they maintain and discuss, will remain and be maintained and discussed as they are now, but the little bickerings, manœuvrings, and jealousies of our present race of editors and journalists will have perished. Our posterity, acquainted only with our standard literature, our poets, philosophers, and historians will, in all probability, wonder nearly as much at our political apathy, as we now do at that of the ages which are past.

These considerations make it fair to conclude, that, previous to the revolution, politics occupied more attention, and excited more interest in England than is usually believed.

Still it must be allowed, that till the reign of queen Anne there was little in this country deserving the name of a periodical press. The causes of this are obvious. The people, that is, the middling and lower orders of society, for whose use this species of writing is chiefly calculated, and on whose support and patronage it mainly depends, were still rude and unenlightened, destitute of curiosity, and utterly indifferent to whatever did not directly affect their personal comfort, or supposed worldly interests. The reformation, though it had unquestionably done much to stimulate the hitherto dormant powers of the human mind, and rouse the spirit of inquiry, had not as yet produced its full effect. The majority of the population were still nearly in the same state of helpless ignorance as their forefathers had been in the very midnight of barbarism. It is a well known fact, that, during the long reign of Elizabeth, and for a considerable part of that of her bigoted successors, the Stuarts, particularly James and the first Charles, a great proportion of what would now be called the respectable and intelligent classes of the community were absolutely unacquainted with the first elements of learning. Very few could read, and of those who could, not more than one in a hundred, it may be fairly presumed, possessed the inclination or capacity to turn their reading to account. In such a state of the public mind, therefore, any thing like a periodical press was certainly not to be expected.

But another obstacle to periodical writing, addressed to the people previous to the commencement of the eighteenth century, is to be found in the prejudices of the learned themselves. To us, indeed, who are accustomed to see men of the first eminence in the republic of letters voluntarily contributing their share to the publications in question,—who

see philosophers, orators, statesmen, and poets, addressing the judgments and appealing to the feelings of persons of almost every rank and condition, through the medium of the daily and periodical press, it may at first sight seem incredible that the learned of the seventeenth century should have deemed it a sort of degradation of their character to think or write exclusively for the people. Yet such was the fact. Nor should it surprise us when we recollect, that knowledge was then confined, comparatively speaking, to a few individuals, while the distinction it thus necessarily conferred had a natural tendency to flatter their vanity, and make them look down with an air of superiority, bordering on contempt, on the unlettered multitude below.

Philosophy was in those days too proud, too *aristocratic*, if we may say so, to let herself down to the comprehension of ordinary mortals; but to condescend to enter into their views, to come into friendly contact, as it were, with their prejudices, to instruct their ignorance, to contribute to their amusement, or to assist and encourage them in the attempt to approach nearer to that intellectual eminence on which herself was seated, was not once thought of. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the great body of the people were held by the writers of that age as utterly unworthy of their notice. This is apparent from the language they habitually employ whenever they have occasion to speak of them. "The mob," "the canaille," "the vulgar herd," "and the many headed-beast," are the courteous epithets bestowed on all who had not received the benefit of an university or formal education, or whose rank and profession did not require or imply it. The following passage from Foster's admirable Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance is as just as it is forcibly and eloquently expressed. "The writers," says he, "are habitually seen in the very mode of addressing their readers, recognising them as a sort of select community, and any references to the main bulk of society are in a manner unaffectedly implying that it is just merely recollected as a herd of beings existing on quite other terms, and for quite other purposes than we fine writers, and you our admiring readers." "Indeed," continues he, "it is apparent in our literature of that age, that the main national population were held by the mental lords in the most genuine sovereign contempt, as creatures to which souls were given just to render their bodies mechanically serviceable. But the period was fast approaching when this despised and "rascally multitude," as they were sometimes termed, were to acquire a consideration in the scale of society, that was to render it no longer either disreputable or *unprofitable* for talents and genius to solicit their notice. The civil wars between Charles I. and the parliament, however disastrous in other respects, were, nevertheless, attended with this advantage, that they accustomed even the lowest of the people to habits of reflection. It was necessary that every man should choose his party, and take his side in the great national conflict. And though it should be supposed that many did so from improper motives or erroneous views, it must also be admitted, that, in a matter of such importance, they would endeavour to justify their choice by such arguments as they were masters of."

It is a common remark, that civil war and other great national emergencies never fail to call forth the talent and genius suited to the occasion. But while they do this, it should not be forgotten, that they do what is of infinitely more importance. They improve and invigorate the national intellect at large, by habituating every member of the state to exercise his judgment on questions of the highest moment—questions not merely interesting to the philosopher as matters of speculation, but

which come home to the feelings, and in their results directly affect the personal comfort and interest of the great body of the citizens. Thus even civil war, that worst of national calamities, is not altogether without its advantages, which, though trifling and light as air when put in the balance against the miseries and the mischiefs it occasions, are yet gladly laid hold of by the philanthropist as a slight compensation for ills he deplores, but cannot prevent.

While the political and religious dissensions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thus stimulated and prepared the minds of men for the acquisition of knowledge, the diffusion of wealth, and a more liberal establishment for the education of youth, furnished them with the means of making the acquisition. Hence it happened, that, at the accession of queen Anne, there existed a sort of new order in the state, since known by the name of the *reading public*, comprising a numerous and respectable body of all ranks, and, in a literary point of view, occupying a middle place between the learned by profession on the one hand, and the totally illiterate on the other. Such were the persons for whom the periodical press of Great Britain was, for the first time we may say, instituted—for whose instruction and amusement the lucubrations of an Addison, a Steele, and a Swift, were penned.

On the character and tendency of the periodical labours of those celebrated authors, it is unnecessary to say much. They are in every body's hands. The *Spectator* is as familiarly known as the Bible or Book of Common Prayer, and is not unfrequently to be found occupying the same shelf. Perhaps no writings in the English language ever obtained so universal a circulation; and it is not too much to affirm that few or none were ever more deserving. As to their style, it has long been held, by the best authorities, as a model of chaste simplicity—elegant without affectation—perspicuous without being diffuse.

The papers in the *Spectator* are, with a few exceptions, of a *practical* tendency. Man, as a moral and accountable being, is the chief object. The authors address their readers, not so much in their political capacity of citizens, as in their more general character of individual men and women, holding certain relations in society, and having duties to perform, errors to correct, faults to amend, and virtues to improve or confirm. They inveigh against vice with all the cogency of argument. The follies and the eccentricities that elude or defy reasoning, they assail with the successful weapons of wit and satire. They reprove, exhort, remonstrate, laugh, and even frown, with all imaginable good nature. They are circumstantial, but not personal. They attack the sin, but spare the sinner. Their aim is to warn and instruct the fool, not to hurt the feelings of the man. These remarks will apply to more of the other periodical works of the eighteenth century. There is the same manly simplicity of style—the same force of reasoning—the same delicate vein of humour, and the same practical tendency in all. With respect to the *Rambler* and some other papers, written at a later period, by the well known pen of Dr. Johnson, though they have the same practical tendency as the works abovementioned, they are yet very different in their style and manner. The style of the *Spectator* is simple and flowing, often diffuse, and sometimes feeble. That of the *Rambler* is dignified and concise. The former is distinguished by a sort of playful ease, inclining the reader to look on his author as a frank good natured companion, who takes the liberty to offer his advice in a friendly way, without presuming to enforce it by his authority. The latter, on the contrary, assumes at once the air and attitude of a master; never relaxes into familiarity;

speaks with a tone of decision commanding at once the attention and respect of his readers, and maintaining, throughout, a stateliness of carriage well adapted to the grave sentiments he inculcates. Perhaps no writer ever understood so well the power of the English language. None certainly ever wielded it with more dexterity and effect. In his choice of words, he is determined more by their force, than by a regard to their smoothness. His periods never appear laboured. They seem rather to flow with ease, but it is the ease of majesty and strength. Johnson's style was his own. It was new:—a medium between the manly strength of the old English authors of the time of Elizabeth, and the chaste classic elegance of the days of Anne. It possesses all the vigour of the former, without their stiffness, and nearly all the grace, without any of the feebleness of the latter. Were we writing a critique on his works, we should, as far as style is concerned, give the preference to his *Rasselas*. There is less of his peculiarities in it than in his other productions, and, both in sentiment and style, is justly considered one of the most beautiful compositions extant in any language.

The leading characteristic of those writings, and that which chiefly distinguishes them from similar productions of our own times, is an almost total absence of politics and political controversy. They were, as I have already said, teachers of good breeding, guardians of good taste and public morals, and nothing more. They left it to the responsible agents of government—the ministers of state—to manage the affairs of the state, to impose taxes, nominate to places, conclude peace, or proclaim war, just as they thought proper.

This political apathy, so different from what obtains in the present times, and which, to some, may seem to savour of servility, was owing to the state of the country at that period. For a period of more than forty years previous to the revolution of 1688, the people of England had been engaged in an arduous and painful struggle with despotic power. They had lavished their money, and shed the best blood of the nation, to recover the liberty which they had lost, or to secure and confirm what yet remained. Success was for a long time doubtful. No sooner had they shaken off the yoke of one tyrant, than another, and a worse, usurped his place. So that, by the time they had finally gained their object, they were something in the situation of exhausted combatants, glad to repose from their toils, and forget their past labours in contemplating the victory in which they had issued. The writers of that age, therefore, like the generality of writers of every age, readily accommodated themselves to the public taste. They neglected politics, and, instead of wearying their readers with the intrigues of courts, or the turbulence of faction, they amused them with the more harmless politics of the drawing-room, the disputes of lovers, or the jealousies of an elderly husband over his young and beautiful spouse.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

It was indeed a happy moment, in which the idea of that most perfect and delightful of all fictions was conceived; and if the perusal of any work deserves to be accounted an epoch in a man's life, we know of none that is better entitled, from the interest it creates, and the irresistible hold it takes on the imagination, to be considered in the light of one. Whether it be that the fancy was then young, and ardent, and therefore more

easily impressed, or that the fiction, by its romantic simplicity, was particularly adapted to the youthful taste, certain it is, that even after the lapse of many years, its scenes and incidents remain imprinted on the mind, in colours more fresh and enduring than the chief of those, with which we have more recently become acquainted. Like persons advanced in age, on whom passing events make little impression, and dwell not in their memory, we sometimes attempt as vainly to recall the fictions we have lately perused, as we try to bring to mind the particulars of a morning dream. The truth is, they were themselves as shadowy, obscure, and unconnected, as a dream, and therefore not better calculated to leave a more durable impression behind. But this, like some long remembered scene of youth, no time can obliterate, and no fresher images banish from our recollection. *That island* placed "far amidst the melancholy main," and remote from the track of human wanderings, is to this day the greenest spot in memory. Even at this distance of time, the scene expands before us as clearly and distinctly as when we first beheld it: we still see its green savannahs and silent woods, which mortal footstep had never disturbed: its birds of strange wing, that had never heard the report of a gun; its goats browsing securely in the vale, or peeping over the heights, in alarm at the first sight of man. We can yet follow its forlorn inhabitant on tiptoe, with suspended breath, prying curiously into every recess, glancing fearfully at every shade, starting at every sound; and then look forth with him, upon the lone and boisterous ocean, with the sickening feelings of an exile cut off for ever from all human intercourse. Our sympathy is more truly engaged by the poor shipwrecked mariner, than by the great, the lovely, and the illustrious, of the earth. We find a more effectual wisdom in his homely reflections, than are to be derived from the discourses of the learned and the eloquent. The interest with which we converse with him in the retirement of his cave, or go abroad with him on the business of the day, is as various and powerful as the means by which it is kept up are simple and inartificial. So true is every thing to nature, and such reality is there in every particular, that the slightest circumstance creates a sensation; and the print of a man's foot or shoe is the source of more genuine terror than all the strange sights and odd noises in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. But the author, by pursuing the idea too far, and endeavouring to build too much upon the same production, has, like many others, broken the charm which himself had created. We dare say our readers will participate with us in our regret, that the solitary island should ever have been revisited, or, in effect, that the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* should have ever been written. It is no more than any other island, when the air of solitude no longer prevails, and its recesses, sacred to eternal silence, cease to excite an interest when profaned by the noise and bustle of habitation. We should have been better pleased if it had been left to its original possessors, the goats, so that we might have been at liberty to picture it to ourselves, returning to its former deserted condition; the parrots flying about the woods, repeating the few words they had learnt of man; the corn growing wild about the island, and an occasional chance bringing only the savage in his canoe, to wonder at the few remaining marks of human habitation. The solitary himself, when he ceases to be such, grows vulgar and common-place: as a wealthy trader, surrounded with the comforts and conveniences of life, he is nothing more to us than Captain Singleton, or any other adventurer: the moment he puts off his goat-skin coat and cap, to resume the dress of a man of the world, we lose an old acquaintance. This feeling may perhaps have influenced our

judgment, or the unfavourable comparison we are continually compelled to make, may operate to its disadvantage; but we cannot help thinking the second part of *Robinson Crusoe*, unequal in talent, and certainly inferior in interest, to some of our author's less popular works.

EXTRACTS FROM HAZLITT'S TABLE-TALK.

COBBETT.

As a political partisan, no one can stand against him. With his brandished club, like Giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, he knocks out their brains, and not only no individual, but no corrupt system could hold out against his powerful and repeated attacks, but with the same weapon, swung round like a flail, that he levels his antagonists, he lays his friends low, and puts his own party *hors de combat*. This is a bad propensity, and a worse principle in political tactics, though a common one. If his blows were straight forward and steadily directed to the same object, no unpopular minister could live before him; instead of which, he lays about right and left, impartially and remorselessly, makes a clear stage, has all the ring to himself, and then runs out of it, just when he should stand his ground. * * * * *

He pays off both scores of old friendship and new acquired enmity in a breath, in one perpetual volley, one raking fire of "arrowy sleet" shot from his pen. However his own reputation or the cause may suffer in consequence, he cares not one pin about that, so that he disables all who oppose, or pretend to help him. In fact, he cannot bear success of any kind, not even of his own views or party; and if any principle were likely to become popular, would turn round against it to show his power in shouldering it on one side. In short, wherever power is, there is he against it: he naturally butts at all obstacles, as unicorns are attracted to oak trees, and feels his own strength only by resistance to the opinions and wishes of the rest of the world. To sail with the stream, to agree with the company, is not his humour. If he could bring about a reform in parliament, the odds are, that he would instantly fall foul of and try to mar his own handy work; and he quarrels with his own creatures as soon as he has written them into a little vogue—and a prison. I do not think this is vanity or fickleness, so much as a pugnacious disposition, that must have an antagonist power to contend with, and only finds itself at ease in systematic opposition. If it were not for this, the high towers and rotten places of the world would fall before the battering-ram of his hard-headed reasoning: but if he once found them tottering, he would apply his strength to prop them up, and disappoint the expectations of his followers. He cannot agree to any thing established, nor to set up any thing else in its stead. While it is established he presses hard against it, because it presses upon him, at least in imagination. Let it crumble under his grasp, and the motive to resistance is gone. * * * *

For want of knowing what has been discovered before him, he has not certain general landmarks to refer to, or a general standard of thought to apply to individual cases. He relies on his own acuteness and the immediate evidence, without being acquainted with the comparative anatomy or philosophical structure of opinion. He does not view things on a large scale or at the horizon (dim and airy enough perhaps)—but as they affect himself, close, palpable, tangible. Whatever he finds out, is his own, and he only knows what he finds out. He is in the constant hurry and fever of gestation: his brain teems incessantly with some fresh project. Every new light is the birth of a new system, the dawn of a new world to him.

He is continually outstripping and overreaching himself. The last opinion is the only true one. He is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Why should he not be wiser to-morrow than he was to-day. * * *

Our author's changing his opinions for new ones is not so wonderful; what is more remarkable is his facility in forgetting his old ones. He does not pretend to consistency (like Mr. Coleridge), he frankly disavows all connexion with himself. He feels no personal responsibility in this way, and cuts a friend or principle with the same decided indifference that Antipholis of Ephesus cuts Ægeon of Syracuse. It is a hollow thing. The only time he ever grew romantic, was in bringing over the relics of Mr. Thomas Paine with him from America, to go a progress with them through the disaffected districts. Scarce had he landed in Liverpool, when he left the bones of a great man to shift for themselves; and no sooner did he arrive in London than he made a speech to disclaim all participation in the political and theological sentiments of his late idol, and to place the whole stock of his admiration and enthusiasm towards him to the account of his financial speculations, and of his having predicted the fate of paper money. If he had erected a little gold statue to him, it might have proved the sincerity of this assertion: but to make a martyr and a patron-saint of a man, and to dig up "his canonized bones" in order to expose them as objects of devotion to the rabble's gaze, asks something that has more life and spirit in it, more mind and vivifying soul, than has to do with any calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence! The fact is, he *ratted* from his own project. He found the thing not so ripe as he had expected. His heart failed him: his enthusiasm fled, and he made his retraction. His admiration is short-lived; his contempt only is rooted, and his resentment lasting.—The above was only one instance of his building too much on practical *data*. He has an ill habit of prophesying, and goes on though still deceived. The art of prophesying does not suit Mr. Cobbett's style. He has a knack of fixing names, and times, and places. According to him the reformed Parliament was to meet in March 1818; it did not, and we heard no more of the matter. When his predictions fail, he takes no farther notice of them, but applies himself to new ones—like the country-people who turn to see what weather there is in the almanac for the next week, though it has been out in its reckoning every day of the last.

Mr. Cobbett is great in attack, not in defence: he cannot fight an uphill battle. He will not bear the least punishing. If any one turns upon him, (which few people like to do,) he immediately turns tail. Like an overgrown schoolboy, he is so used to have it all his own way, that he cannot submit to any thing like competition or a struggle for the mastery; he must lay on all the blows, and take none. He is bullying and cowardly; a Big Ben in politics, who will fall upon others and crush them by his weight, but is not prepared for resistance, and is soon staggered by a few smart blows. Whenever he has been set upon, he has slunk out of the controversy.

FROM THE SAME.

ON PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.

There is major Cartwright: he has but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about; but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who

has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again, and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of packthread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some schoolboys cannot read but in their own book, and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man was to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get, and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery; it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this, it is a common infirmity, you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it:" you cannot put him off in that way. He retorts the Latin adage upon you—*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest, (not 'a fee-grief, due to some single breast,') and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself: how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? Time and tide wait for no man. The business of the state admits of no delay. The question of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments stands first on the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to *Coventry*. Business is an interruption; pleasure a digression from it. It is the question before every company where the major comes, which immediately resolves itself into a committee of the whole world upon it, is carried on by means of a perpetual virtual adjournment, and it is presumed that no other is entertained while this is pending—a determination which gives its persevering advocate a fair prospect of expatiating on it to his dying day.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

STAINED GLASS.

Cartoons of Raphael, &c. by Mr. and Mrs. Pearson.

The art of painting on glass has long been an object of attention, but may be said to have remained in a continued infancy till within these few years. It has often been a subject of regret that the art was lost, but if we may found our opinion on the ancient specimens which still

remain, we should be led to conclude, that the art never attained any thing near the perfection to which it has lately been brought.

The specimens which still exist of Queen Elizabeth's time, are formed like Mosaic, by various pieces of glass being joined together with lead. But these, from their mechanical construction, scarcely deserve the appellation of paintings.

Another method, which has been much practised in a neighbouring country, is the following:—A plate of glass is painted upon after the usual manner, and protected from the action of the air, by having a thin plate of clear glass placed before, and a ground plate behind it. But the colours of specimens formed after this manner, though they may, for a short time, put forth the most brilliant appearance, have, nevertheless, been found, in the sequel, to be even more evanescent than those upon canvas.

The last method, and that which, indeed, all others have had in view, though they have never been able to accomplish their object, is, to paint the glass, and by afterwards heating it in a furnace, to incorporate the colours with the glass itself, so that one could not be destroyed without the destruction of the other. But it was found by experiment, that the common colours could not be brought to bear the action of fire, and consequently, the chemists have, for a great length of time, been employed in examining various minerals and metals, with the view of obtaining from them the colours which they were in quest of, reasonably concluding, that if they could obtain colours from these materials, the only effect which they would experience from the action of fire would be, that of imbedding them in, or with the glass itself, in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of an after-separation. This desirable object has, we are led to believe, at last been accomplished, by Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, who are now exhibiting paintings on glass in vitrified colours, which do great honour to the art, if not to the nation. Independently of the patronage which the merits of these productions are calculated to obtain from the public at large, they are particularly entitled to the notice of every individual who may follow the same pursuit or profession.

The cartoons of Raphael's are, we believe, the only specimens which have been lately added to this collection. They are finished in a style which must claim the admiration of every one, and with a fidelity of delineation, and a happiness of colouring, which will not disappoint those who may have enjoyed the delight of beholding the originals.

IMITATORS.

We do not look upon successful imitators, says the *Retrospective Review*, as little better than the mocking-bird, who copies the melody of other songsters without possessing any note of its own. To catch not only the style and turn of thought of another writer, but to express the same thoughts, clothed in the same language, which that writer would, in all probability, have thought and written on a given subject, requires a considerable portion of the genius of the original, as well as a thorough insight into the mechanism of his mind. The author of the most successful series of imitations which perhaps has ever appeared (the *Rejected Addresses*) has shown himself an original poet of no ordinary powers. Sir Walter Scott's imitations of Crabbe and Moore are eminently happy, and Hogg's half-serious, half-ludicrous imitations, in the *Poetic Mirror*, almost strike us as fac-similies.

Literature.

Paris, July 29th, 1821.

Letters from Paris.—The Royal Institute of France has recently held two public sittings; the first of which was for the reception of M. Villemain into the French Academy, in the room of the late Count de Fontanes. M. Villemain is a young man of the age of 24, and obtained the prize of eloquence at the French Academy for his *élogé* on Montesquieu. Fontanes, who was a judge of literary merit, noticed the talent of young Villemain, who had just quitted school, and appointed him Professor of Rhetoric in the Imperial University, of which Fontanes was then grand master. From that period, the young Professor always attracted a splendid auditory, and he astonished all who heard him by the brilliant style in which he delivered his extempore lectures on literature. Unluckily, the ministry thought that M. Villemain might be rendered useful to them; he was loaded with favours, and M. Decazes became particularly attached to him. It is even asserted, that M. Villemain frequently made himself ill through the fatigue he underwent in composing the speeches which M. Decazes delivered in the two chambers; it is probable, however, that the minister was very capable of composing his own speeches, though perhaps M. Villemain may occasionally have exercised his pen in ornamenting his excellency's ideas. On the disgrace of the minister, M. Villemain, like a good servant, likewise gave in his resignation; and if M. Decazes were to resume the reins of government to-morrow, his protégé would resume his post too. In the meanwhile, M. Villemain has been engaged in writing a *History of Cromwell*, which has not precisely fulfilled the expectations excited by his *debüt* in the career of literature, though the work, nevertheless, evinces sufficient talent to entitle its author to a place in the French Academy. His speech of admission was brilliant; but the Liberals are not very well pleased at his having censured Buonaparté very severely, under the mask of seeming to praise him; yet in this censure, M. Roger, the President of the Academy, outdid even M. Villemain.

The death of Buonaparté has created a very lively sensation in Paris, and has affected parties differently, according to the opinions they entertain. We are overwhelmed with odes, eulogies, histories, &c. though the few last years seem to have exhausted all that can possibly be said respecting that Extraordinary man. The Journal entitled the *Miroir*, states, that at the last representation of *Britannicus*, the audience loudly applauded the following line of *Racine*:—

“Non non, Britannicus est mort empoisonné.”

It is certain, that the opinion to which this journal alludes, is very generally diffused throughout France; but whenever a great man dies, this prejudice is always more or less entertained. The military men of the Imperial regime, to whom it was a matter of indifference whether France were free and happy, provided the army was victorious and well paid, do not disguise their sorrow for the death of their old chief, whose return they hoped for as implicitly as the Jews hope for the Messiah.

The second public sitting was that of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, which is annually held in the month of July. A notice on M. Millin was read by the general secretary, M. Dacier. There were some other *lectures*, among which a memorial by M. Remusat, on the characters used in ancient Chinese writing, appeared the most interesting. M. Remusat seems to have been destined for the study of the Chinese

language, to which he devoted himself at a very early period of life. Government created, expressly for him, a Professorship of the Chinese language, at the College of France, and he has the pleasure of cultivating, along with three or four other collegians, this newly-opened field of ancient literature. He has ascertained that before the introduction of the signs which the Chinese now use, and which amount to several thousands in number, they had but two hundred primitive signs, from which they formed others of a more complicated nature. These signs were so many allegorical figures, by which the Chinese expressed the ideas they possessed and the objects with which they were acquainted at that period, and consequently the study of these signs affords a tolerably correct idea of the civil and moral state of the Chinese people at the time of Abraham, for to that period, M. Remusat traces back the invention of these characters. They are classed in various groupes according to the objects which they represent. There are figures which indicate, though in a rude way, the sun, the moon, the heavens, and a sacrifice; but there are none to express the idea of a Supreme Being;—other signs represent domestic animals; others plants, such as rice, &c.; but tea has no representative. A door is used to signify a house; but there is no sign for a palace; a bending figure is employed to express submission; but there is no idea of a king, a priest, or any other dignity. The figure of a woman is used to express all kinds of moral imperfections, an idea which M. Remusat thought by no means gallant, but he observed that savage nations, for the most part, entertain but a very poor opinion of women. M. Remusat presented to the Royal Academy these scientific figures so interesting to the history of civilization: he observed, that they were but rudely drawn; but added, that skilful drawing was not a thing to be expected in the age of Abraham. When, at a subsequent period, the Chinese became acquainted with new objects, and received new ideas, they augmented the number of their primitive signs, and added to them new lines to indicate new qualities. By this ingenious method they created hieroglyphics, infinitely more curious than those of the Egyptians, as we still possess the key to them.

Sismondi's History of the French.—One of the most remarkable works lately published, is the *Histoire des Français*, by J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi. Parts I. and II., comprising the national history from the 4th to the 10th Century, under the Merovingians and the Carlovingsians, 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1517. The name of the author stands so high in the literary world, from his History of the Italian Republics, his History of the Literature of the South of Europe, and other works, that it is of itself sufficient to cause the reader to expect something distinguished, and there seems no reason to apprehend that the "History of the French" will subtract any thing from the reputation M. Sismondi has already acquired.

A new poem, on one of the noblest subjects of classical antiquity, is expected from the pen of Mr. Proctor early in next (publishing) season.

We are informed, says the London Literary Gazette, that P. Bysche Shelley has a piece in the press in honour of the deceased poet Keats, whose death is therein ascribed to the inhumanity of his reviewers!

Mr. Taylor, of Ongar, is engaged on a tale in verse, called *Temper*.

Poems, by P. M. James.—In this small volume of poems the compositions are of so slight a nature as to preclude critical remark; and if we say that the pieces are generally pleasing, the sentiments moral, and the style (with a few exceptions of lame rhythm) agreeable, we shall have

spoken all the truth, and done the author justice. Mr. James, we understand, adds another to the catalogue of bards belonging to the Society of Friends. Not aiming so high as Barton or Wiffen (to the latter of whom we owe a review for his late translation from Tasso), he has struck a very musical chord, and seems gifted with those feelings which constitute the poet. He must, however, be more careful in preserving harmony in his measures. We copy a specimen. [Lond. Lit. Gaz.]

THE IVY AND PAINTED WINDOW.

Through Malvern's sweet village strange rumours were spread,
That a plot had been laid and the church was in danger!
The tidings had fill'd every villager's head,
And the noise it occasioned alarm'd every stranger.

The report thus arose—a green ivy had grown
Up the walls of the church, the old structure adorning;
'Till it reach'd the east window, where gaily were shown
Apostles and saints in the bright hues of morning.

And it still must be own'd that 'twas pleasant to see
The sun and the wind with the ivy leaves dally;
To hear round its blossoms the hum of the bee,
That came lured by their sweets from the mountain or valley.

And when the day sunk on the bosom of night,
Like a sport-wearied child on the breast of its mother;
We then soothly might say by the summer moon's light,
That the ivy and window were made for each other.

The night-hawk that roams like a spirit through air,
Led his bride to its chambers with tender caresses;
'Midst its branches the owl built her palace so fair,
And rear'd her grey brood in its dark green recesses.

Thus time flew away, till arose a complaint,
That the ivy, grown wanton and evil designing,
In its gambols had knock'd out the head of a saint,
And had ruin'd a nun with its twisting and twining.

Nay, the parish clerk swore that an owl from her den,
Had look'd into the church through a pane that was broken;
That the owl cried to-woo! while the clerk cried amen!
And the ivy was blam'd for so evil a token.

And 'twas said that the boughs which crown'd buttress and arch,
The ravage of ages with verdure renewing,
Like a wreath for the forehead of Time on his march,
Now hung o'er the fane like the omen of ruin.

Just like love when it touches the resolute mind,
It blends beauty with valour, with grace melancholy;
'Till the soul, to the triumphs of passion resign'd,
Grows insensate to fame and enamour'd with folly.

So the axe to the trunk of the ivy was laid,
And the fowls of the air from its branches were driven;
And its leaves which the altar in beauty array'd,
To pale desolation were ruthlessly given.

Then the wild bee complain'd as she sought her lov'd flowers,
"Oh! why are the blossoms so tediously coming?"
And zephyr inquired for the evergreen bowers,
Where her voice had kept tune to the bee's gentle humming.

—Yet nature proclaims, "that securely in earth,
Sleeps a root of the ivy, its honours renewing;
And when time's lingering hand gives the slumberer birth,
It shall wave in its pride o'er the temple in ruin!"

Classic Literature.—The favourable reception given by the public to the translation of the Chronicle of Eusebius, by the Armenian monks of St. Lazarus at Venice, has induced father J. B. Ancher to employ himself, as he promised in his preface to the Chronicle, in the translation of other works, of which Europe has hitherto seen only a few Greek fragments. The principal of these are three dialogues, two on Providence, and one on the soul of beasts; the questions in Genesis and Exodus, the two sermons on Samson and Jonas, and the dialogue on the three angels who appeared to Abraham; all written by the celebrated Philo the Jew. The original having been long since lost, it is fortunate for the republic of letters, that there exists an Armenian translation of it of the 5th century, preserved in a MS. of the 13th century, which belonged to Haiton II. king of Armenia, and which has been presented to the Armenian congregation by a learned prelate, their fellow citizen. This precious manuscript, of which there was already a copy in the library of St. Lazarus, has been translated into Latin by father Ancher, with the same care as he employed in his translation of Eusebius; he has enriched it with several notes. It being difficult to undertake the publication of so extensive a work in a short time, the Armenian congregation resolved, at the beginning of the present year, to print, first, the two dialogues on Providence, and that on the soul of beasts, one volume, in quarto, corresponding in every respect with their edition of the Chronicle of Eusebius. As soon as a sufficient number of subscribers were obtained, it was to be put to press, and published within the following six months.

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

Notice of the Electro-magnetic Experiments of Messrs. Ampère and Arago, read in the Public Sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, April 2d, 1821.

The Reporters, after an exordium on the importance of the phenomena, connected with the identity of Magnetism and Electricity (as remarkable for their singularity, as for the numerous applications which they lead us to expect,) proceeds to give a brief synopsis of those facts which appear the most worthy of attention.

Natural and Artificial Magnets, Iron, Nickel, and Cobalt, were the only bodies in which the property of acting on the magnetic needle had been recognised; when M. Oersted, secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Copenhagen, discovered, that, under certain circumstances, all metals, without exception, and, in general, all bodies susceptible of conducting electricity, exercise very intense influence on this needle. To effect this, it is merely requisite to bring them into communication with the two extremities of the voltaic pile, making them serve as conductors to the current of electricity which it produces.

Last September, while engaged in experiments relative to this important discovery, the reporters met with another fact, more general, and no less unexpected, viz. that two metallic wires, of whatever nature they may be, act upon each other, when they both transmit an electrical current; and, what adds to the singularity of this result, is, that the action is attractive when the currents are in the same direction, and repulsive when they move in a contrary direction.

At the same time M. Arago announced to the Academy, that the voltaic current, which, according to the experiments of M. Oersted, gives to all

metals the property of acting upon magnets, is itself a powerful means of producing magnetism; by placing the conducting wire in a suitable manner, round a bar of steel, even at a considerable distance, you may produce in the bar as many poles as you please, and at the places chosen beforehand. The same gentleman demonstrated soon after, that these effects are equally produced, when common electricity is employed instead of that by the voltaic pile.

The directing influence of the terrestrial globe upon magnets, is not merely one of the most remarkable facts of Natural Philosophy:—we know also to what a height it has enabled us to carry the art of navigation. I flatter myself (says M. Ampère) you will be glad to hear that I have succeeded merely by a combination of electric conductors, to produce an apparatus in which there are only brass wires, and which is able like the common compass, to point out the direction of the meridian.

By an analogous combination of metal wires, I have obtained motions, corresponding to those of the dipping needle, and it has been easy for me to perceive, that magnets and voltaic conductors assume, by the action of the earth, precisely those positions, which electric currents would tend to give them, if directed according to the apparent motion of the sun, perpendicularly to the magnetic meridians, and more intense in proportion as they should be near the equator; it suffices for this to attribute to these currents the same mode of action as is deduced relatively to magnets, from the experiments of M. Oersted, and relatively to conductors, from those which I have made on their mutual action.

Such is, in fact, in my opinion, the cause of the constant direction of the magnets, or conducting wires, of our apparatus; but if the directing force of the terrestrial globe is produced by such currents, is it not natural to admit, that the action exercised by a magnet, either on a voltaic conductor, or on another magnet, is likewise owing to electric currents situated in planes perpendicular to its axis, and directed, relatively to its poles, as the apparent motion of the sun is, relatively to the poles of the earth, corresponding to those of the magnet.

Thus we are enabled to represent, by a single force always directed according to the right line which joins the two points between which it acts, not only the magnetic phenomena formerly known, but also all the circumstances of the action of a voltaic conductor upon a magnet, discovered by M. Oersted, and of that which I have found between two conductors, which seems to me, to be a strong confirmation of the opinion I delivered at the time of my first researches into the subject, respecting the identity of electricity and magnetism. The results of the experiments which I have since made, appear to me to render it more and more probable.

I shall not enter here upon the details of those experiments; I will merely add, that according to the manner in which I conceive that electricity produces all the phenomena of magnetism, a brass wire, partly enclosed in a glass tube, and partly winding externally round this tube in a spiral form, is attracted and repelled by a magnet, and acts upon it, under all circumstances, as another magnet would do, as soon as electric currents are formed round the tube, by making the two extremities of the wire communicate with those of a voltaic pile.

The effects which are observed by the aid of this instrument, furnish direct and multiplied proofs of the identity of electricity and magnetism. One of the principal consequences of the theory founded upon this identity is, that the directing action of the earth does not emanate either from the polar regions, or from the centre of the globe, as has been successively

supposed; but that it proceeds especially from the equatorial zone, where heat and light act with the most intensity. I think that this determination of the regions of the earth, where the cause of the directing action resides, will interest natural philosophers, who endeavour to represent, by general formulas, the amounts of the declinations and inclinations of the magnetic needle from the poles to the equator.

Thus, while according to the experiments of M. Arago, the Electrophorus and the Leyden phial, may henceforth serve navigators as an infallible means to remagnetise, to saturation, the needles of their compasses, when time or other circumstances may have weakened their virtue, I shall, perhaps, have contributed, by my researches, to the improvement of the magnetic formulas, which are destined to render more sure, and to extend by new applications, the use of an instrument, but for which the greater part of the globe would be still unknown to us.

Horizontorium.—We have recently seen a curious philosophical plaything under this name, which is, we believe, published by Mr. Bancks, the mathematical instrument maker, in the Strand. The inventor's name is Shires, and the invention itself is an exceedingly pleasing optical illusion. This is produced by the picture of a castle, projected on a horizontal plane, whence its name is derived. The picture is laid flat on the table, with the light on the left of the spectator. In front there is a small perpendicular parchment sight, with a grove in it, to which the eye is applied, and the effect is, that the whole appears to be a solid building; the walls of the castle, the rim of a well, &c. &c. being, in every respect, like a model, instead of a coloured horizontal projection. By removing the candle to the floor, that which was a sunlight becomes a moonlight scene. The illusion is very pretty, and the thing, in its application, though not in its principles, entirely new to us.

Lithography.—A society has been formed at Munich for the imitation of oriental MSS.; the object is by means of lithography to multiply copies of the best works which are extant in the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Tartar tongues, and to dispose of them in the East, by the port of Trieste. The cabals of those, whose business it is to write MSS., and the different ornaments with which the Turks and Arabs adorn their writings, have been obstacles to this design hitherto; but by the aid of Lithography, the difficulty it is thought may be overcome. Thus the cheapness of that mode of engraving will contribute to spread to an unlimited extent, the treasures of the best writers of the East.

A lithographic establishment has also been formed in London, for the purpose of facilitating the progress of this branch of art, at No. 1, Wellington-street. Series of the impressions taken from copies of the pictures in the Munich gallery are to be seen there, and give an idea of the powers of the art, far beyond what could possibly be imagined by those who know of it only from description. It contains also a large deposit of foreign and British materials, for the prosecution of this pursuit, and many of the finest results that have been produced by it.

New Musical Instrument.—A musical instrument is now in London, called the Terpodion. It is the invention of M. Buschman, who has lately brought it from the continent. Its effect is striking, and astonishing, for it combines the sweetness of the flute and clarionet, with the energy of the horn and bassoon, and yields a full and rich harmony, resembling an orchestra of wind instruments. The sounds may be continued at pleasure with any degree of strength, and the action of the instrument resembles that of the ediphone, but it is described by the inventor as consisting entirely of

wood, and it is understood that the sounds are produced by the vibration of wooden staves; its construction is said to be cheap, and its state unalterable by the weather.

Permeability of Iron to Tin.—Mr. Smithson describes, in the *Annals of Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 276, an instance where tin had been forced through the pores of cast iron. It is adduced, in support of the opinion, that the capillary copper in the slag of the Hartz, has been formed by being pressed through minute pores. "For some purposes of the arts, Mr. Clement formed a cylinder of copper, and, to give it strength, introduced into it a hollow cylinder, or tube of cast iron. To complete the union of these two cylinders, some melted tin was run between them. With the exact particulars of this construction, I am not acquainted; but the material circumstance is that, during the cooling of the heated mass, a portion of the melted tin was forced, by the alteration of volume of the cylinders, through the substance of the cast-iron cylinder, and issued over its internal surface in the state of fibres, which were curled and twisted in various directions. Such was the tenuity of these fibres of tin, that little tufts of them applied to the flame of a candle, took fire and burned like cotton."

Granulation of Copper.—The following singular circumstance is related by Mr. W. Keates, of the Cheadle copper works, to Mr. Phillips. "I send you some globules of copper, quite hollow, and so light as to swim on water; the history of which is as follows: one of our refining furnaces contained about 20 cwt. of melted copper, which was to be laded into blocks; but the refining process had not been carried far enough, so that when the men came to lade it out into the moulds, they found it to be impracticable, in consequence of its emitting such a great quantity of sulphurous acid vapour. They were therefore obliged to put it into a cistern of water, to granulate it; but by this operation, instead of the copper assuming the form of solid grains, the whole of it became in the form sent to you, and floated on the water like so many corks. What is the most probable explanation of this phenomenon? One of our refining men, during forty years' experience in the business, has never seen any thing similar." Mr. Phillips adds, that the globules of copper sent to him were light, and that, though they had lost the power of floating on water, they floated in sulphuric acid.

Hartshorn, its use in Intoxication.—Dr. Porter, a German physician, states that he has found the spirit of hartshorn (in the dose of a small teaspoonful in a glass of water,) to counteract the inebriating effects of fermented liquors and spirits.

Roman Mint.—A considerable quantity of clay moulds, or matrices, for the coining of Roman money, have been lately turned up at Lingwell-Yate, near Wakefield. Thoresby, in his *Ducatus*, mentions a quantity of similar moulds, found at the same place in 1697. Several crucibles, for melting the metal, were found at the same time; and in some of the moulds, there are coins yet remaining. Specimens have been sent by a gentleman at Wakefield, to the Society of Antiquaries, and to the British Museum, in hopes of their decision whether this place was the resort of coiners, or the real mint belonging to the Roman station in its immediate vicinity.

A new method of ventilating theatres and crowded rooms has, on the recommendation of the Council, been introduced at the Opera. By this new plan, the air may be continually renewed without lowering the temperature, which may always be regulated according to the season and the number of spectators.—A plan similar to the above, has, we believe, been recently introduced in Covent Garden Theatre. [Lond. Lit. Gaz.

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

ON WHEAT TURNING TO CHEAT.

(Continued from page 358.)

Since writing the foregoing, I have had the pleasure of reading Dr. Darwin's *Phytologia*, in which he states, under the articles of seeds, buds, and bulbs, "that by decapitation and a deeper immersion in the ground, a secondary stem in a plant of wheat, became multiplied into five, all which produced perfect ears of corn; and in other roots which he had planted in a similar manner, the increase was much greater, and especially where one or more of the primary or secondary stems had been decapitated."

Influenced by the foregoing considerations, I am clearly of the opinion, that the advocates for the doctrine of wheat turning to cheat, have founded their opinion upon hearsay or a superficial view of the subject—that they have not taken the pains to inquire into, and consequently are utterly unacquainted with, the properties of this very productive plant. Few people are aware of the astonishing increase of some of the vegetable family; neither are they aware of the various means by which a crop of wheat may be filled with trash: some is sown with the grain at the time of seeding; some is in the manure, which in many instances is spread over the ground just before ploughing for seed, and in some instances after the ploughing is done, by way of a top dressing, thereby affording a full opportunity for all the trash, which had been collecting in the barn yard, for the period of nearly twelve months, to vegetate and come to maturity. It is also sufficiently apparent from the bunch presented to the society, that cheat, after it is cut off by a mowing scythe at the usual time of mowing, will shoot up again from the root, and bring forth to perfection seed in great abundance, not in the solitary instance alluded to, for it so frequently occurred whilst I was examining my field, that I am clearly of the opinion it was generally the case, thereby completely frustrating my attempt to prevent that noxious plant from coming to maturity, and scattering its seed over the ground to the detriment of a subsequent crop. If, therefore, nature has thus amply provided for the perpetuation of cheat in its wonderful productiveness of seed, where is the necessity of calling to her assistance the additional aid of a metamorphose.

This aftergrowth of cheat will be scattered over the ground, where it will again vegetate and come to maturity in perpetuation of the species, or at the time of gathering the seed clover, will be collected and threshed out at

the time of threshing the clover, and sown upon the winter grain with the tailings early in the spring, which will give it a full opportunity to grow and come to perfection, by the usual time of gathering the wheat; or otherwise thrown into the barn yard, where it will remain until the ensuing fall, when it will be spread over the fallow, together with the manure, and I have no doubt a great proportion of it will grow and come to maturity, and make a very striking appearance in the succeeding crop of grain.

It is a general principle with scientific men, that every consequent has its preceding cause. Therefore some operation must take place prior to the transformation, the effects of which can be accounted for upon rational principles. The opinion respecting the changing of wheat to cheat, is by no means confined to the ignorant and illiterate; the doctrine is embraced by men of the first rate talents in the community; by men profoundly erudite and well versed in the various branches of scientific research. Surely then it is but reasonable to expect, that they will assign some natural cause for the change, or produce some instance of a metamorphose, which shall cause instant conviction to the mind. Dame Nature does not work by magic. The changes which material substances undergo, are slow in the operation and perceptible to every observer. A transformation of wheat into cheat, would not be a greater mystery than many other things which frequently come under our notice: witness the various changes from petrification; the changes which take place in the different species of the bee, from the ovum until they arrive to maturity; the changes from an egg into the various species of the feathered tribe, and the transformation of a tadpole into a frog, are all to be considered amongst the mysterious works of nature, to which there are probably none amongst us who have not been an eye-witness; yet they all require considerable time for completion, and are plain to the eye of the observer in all the different stages of the metamorphose. If, therefore, the offspring of a grain of wheat, by any natural process, can be changed to a stalk of cheat, it must be by a slow and progressive proceeding, and at certain stages of the transformation, must be perceptible to the observer, and stamp irresistible conviction upon the heart. It is a principle in law governing our courts of justice, that he who suggests fraud must prove fraud; so in natural philosophy, he who suggests a metamorphose in the offspring of a grain of wheat, is bound to prove such metamorphose, not by merely asserting that it is so, but by producing such incontestable evidence of the fact, as shall stamp conviction upon the mind, that a transformation is taking place. Let therefore the advocates of this doctrine, produce a single instance of an intermediate state in the metamorphose, and I for one will quietly give up the argument.

Having made it appear to the satisfaction, as I should suppose, of every rational mind, that the doctrine of wheat turning to cheat is altogether imaginary and without foundation, inasmuch as the embryo buds and bulbs in vegetables are each of them an individual plant, capable of being transplanted in the earth or into different stalks of the same species, and in either case will grow and produce a plant similar to the parent, and do not change their nature by any operation within the knowledge of the most experienced botanists; it may not be foreign to my present purpose to inquire, whether cheat is a plant termed by botanists, a mule plant, or if I may be allowed the expression, an hybridous offspring from the "sexual intercourse" of different plants of the same species. It is rather a singular circumstance, that the advocates for the doctrine of wheat turning to cheat, seeing that they frequently assert the fact

with so much confidence and warmth, should not attempt to avail themselves of this consideration, which of all others would appear to be the most rational. For it is a well known fact, that from a sexual intercourse in animals, very different in their external appearance, an hibridous breed is produced different from either, and yet partaking of the qualities of each of the parents. So in the vegetable kingdom, from the sexual intercourse of plants, a great variety is produced; witness the mixture which takes place in the Indian corn or maize, when different kinds are planted adjoining to each other; so also in the potato, cucumber, pompion, &c. Hence it is, that we experience such a variety in the vegetable kingdom, which in a great measure proceeds from the seed which exists in the ovarium many days before fecundation, similar to the egg which is known to be found in the hen long before impregnation. This fecundation of the seed is produced by the farina or dust which is shed by the anthers or males, and adheres to the moist stigma upon the summit of the stile or pericarp, which constitutes the female part of flowers; all which the reader will find fully treated upon by Dr. Darwin in his *Phytologia*. This variety is manifestly conspicuous in the seedling apple trees which are raised in nurseries. For notwithstanding the fruit upon any tree in its unaltered or natural state is always the same as to appearance and flavour, yet if the seeds of an apple are planted in the earth, and suffered to vegetate and produce seedling trees, I very much doubt whether there would be a solitary individual which would bear fruit exactly similar to that of the parent, and yet they would all be completely the apple; for notwithstanding it is practicable to transfer an apple tree bud or scion to the stock of the quince, pear, or crab apple, and cause them to grow, yet I have not known a single instance, to the best of my recollection, of a quince, pear, or crab apple springing up spontaneously in a nursery for young apple trees. In wheat, notwithstanding there are a variety of kinds, the white, yellow, bearded, red chaff, &c. yet as far my observation extends, no mixture will ensue, and notwithstanding there are frequently different kinds in the same crop, yet they always remain separate and distinct, and continue in the same proportion as to quantity, the proper allowance being made for the greater productiveness in one kind than in another. Wheat, rye, and cheat frequently grow together in the same crop, and notwithstanding they are each of them a farinaceous plant, and the grains which they produce bear a distant resemblance to each other, yet there has been no instance within my knowledge, of a mongrel production from a sexual intercourse in the plants. In the little box which I presented to the society at their quarterly meeting in August, was exhibited a specimen of the three plants, wheat, rye, and cheat in the first stage of vegetation, from which it appeared that they were separate and distinct plants, and entirely different in their appearance. This distinction is manifestly conspicuous in all the different stages of vegetation, until they arrive to full maturity. The box I afterwards planted in my garden for the purpose of observing the growth of the plants, and obtaining further information upon the subject, and the result was that the wheat and rye grew and flourished very luxuriantly, but the cheat in a short time began to decline, several of the plants entirely perished, and the remainder in a very short time would have shared the same fate, but as I had other objects in view, which I was anxious to discover, I eradicated the whole of the wheat and rye, and the consequence was, that the remaining cheat immediately assumed a lively appearance, and in a short time shot up a variety of new plumes, and is now growing in all the luxuriance natural to the plant, when it is uninterrupted by the growth of other vegetables.

Variety.

Haggart, a thief and murderer, who was hung last summer in Edinburgh, gives in his confession the following estimate of the comparative advantages of the three kingdoms.—“Paddyland is the land for pickpockets; lots of money, oceans of drink, and knocking down pellmell even on: then is the time to work away at the business. England is too much hunted, and there is no money in Scotland.”

He was apprehended, and succeeded in persuading the only material witness against him not to appear; but the judge prevented his acquittal through a mistake. He had made a good defence:—

“The judge then asked me, ‘Don’t you come from Armagh, sir, and have you not a father and a brother?’

“I answered that I had both.

“‘All of your own profession—pickpockets?’ replied the judge.

“I said he was perfectly mistaken, for neither they nor I were ever guilty of such a thing. I was right as to them, but I will leave the world to judge with what truth I spoke of myself. The judge, in an angry tone, said, ‘Will you hold up your face and tell me that, sir? was you not tried before me ten days ago at Dundalk, and about four years ago at Carrickfergus? I know you well, and all your family.’

“I declared that I never was before a court in my life till then, and sure enough I never was before him.

“He then addressed the jury; he said that it did not signify whether they were clear of my being guilty of the present crime, for he could assure them that I was an old offender, and at all events to return a verdict of guilty of felony at large. I sprung up, and declared I was getting no justice, and said there was no proof of my being a felon; and added, ‘How can I be brought in as a felon, when not a single witness had made oath to it?’

“The judge, in a violent rage, said, that he would make oath if necessary; and the jury in a moment returned a verdict of ‘Guilty of felony at large.’ I was then sentenced to lag for seven stretch; but the judge at the same time telling me, that if I would produce my father, and show to him that he had mistaken me, he would change the sentence to twelve months’ imprisonment. I told him I would rather go abroad than let my friends know any thing about the matter; that he was sending me among pickpockets, where I would likely learn the art myself, and the first man’s pocket I would pick on my return would be his.

“I have been twice tried for my life in Scotland. The first time I got more than justice, for I was acquitted. The second time I got justice, for I was convicted. But in Ireland I got no justice at all; for at Downpatrick there was none to speak *for* me but the judge, and he spoke *against* me.”

Edinburgh, in modesty calls itself the modern Athens, and of course science must have its display, even on the head of a thief. Haggart was induced to submit to a craniological examination, and the results are given in an appendix, as ludicrous as any farce, that ever followed a tragedy. The craniologist, Mr. George Combe, W. S. gravely announces—

“On 29th May, 1821, I visited David Haggart in gaol, in presence of Mr. J. R. Sibbald, and Mr. James Law, junior. After some conversation, he allowed me to examine the development of his head. The character indicated by it was different from the opinions I had been previously led to form, by reading in the newspapers the details of his delin-

quencies. The conversation was quite general, and did not lead to a knowledge of his dispositions. Being before trial, he was extremely guarded in his remarks, and we were equally delicate in not pressing him to make disclosures. On going over his head, I mentioned to him the feelings and powers which it indicated, but he made no remarks as to the correctness or incorrectness of the observations. On telling him that he had a greater development of the organs of benevolence and justice than I had anticipated, his countenance softened, and he almost shed a tear. On concluding, he gave a look full of subdued emotion, yet of confident sagacity; and, alluding to the possibility of discovering character from the form of the head, said, 'Well, that is *one thing* I did not know before.' After his condemnation, when it was to be expected that his mind would be subdued to sincerity by the certain prospect of death, I sent him a sketch of the character which his cerebral organization indicated, and requested him to add his remarks. The sketch was written on one side of the paper, and his observations were added on the other. The observations are holograph, and were composed by himself without assistance. His own language is preserved, the only corrections made being in spelling, and, in a few instances, in grammar. "G. C."

The ridiculous can go no farther than the quæries and answers that follow.—Craniology has here given a death blow to craniology.

[*London Lit. Gaz.*

BOOKS FOR PRISONS.

The London Literary Gazette quotes from a Paris journal the following notices of new French publications:—

Antoine et Maurice, the work which obtained the prize (offered by the Royal Society for the amelioration of prisons) for the best moral story, calculated for the use of prisoners. By. M. de Jussieu.

This is a very simple and affecting tale, presenting the contrast between repentance and obstinacy, and exhibiting the unfortunate criminal weeping for his error, opposed to the dreadful spectacle of punishment unattended with remorse. The author has very judiciously adapted his ideas and his style to the habits and the language of the readers for whom his work is intended. It is suited to the level of the most ordinary understanding, and it cannot be perused without moral benefit. The *liberals*, who are so anxious that a taste for reading should be cultivated among the labouring classes, will, perhaps, on perusing *Antoine et Maurice*, be less urgent in their recommendations of *Voltaire Touquet*.

A work which obtained honourable mention from the Royal Society, is entitled *Laurent*; or, *The Prisoners*. By M. Achard James. If the author has not been quite so happy as his young competitor, he has, at least, the same claim to the respect of society.

BREAKING OUT OF A SPRING.

A remarkable phenomenon occurred at Bishop Monckton, near Ripon, on April 18th, on the estate belonging to Mr. Charnock. About two o'clock in the afternoon the attention of a person in that gentleman's service was attracted by a rumbling noise which apparently proceeded from the stack yard, distant thirty yards from the house. He supposed it to proceed from children throwing stones against the doors and wall; but on looking up the avenue, formed by a row of stacks, and leading to the house, he observed a small portion of the ground in motion, which, after continuing in a considerable state of agitation for some minutes, suddenly presented an opening of about a foot square, whence issued a great body of water. Returning with

violence it soon enlarged the cavity, and in its progress carried down with it a portion of the surrounding earth several feet in extent, which was buried in the abyss below; the water continued to ebb and flow more or less at intervals during the day. Mr. Charnock plumbed this subterranean pit in the evening, and found it fifty-eight feet in depth; the water has now subsided and remains settled within two yards of the top.

[*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ORIGIN OF VEGETABLES.

Turnips and carrots are thought indigenous roots of France; our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce from Cos, a name corrupted into *Gause*; shallots, or eschallots, from Ascalon; the cherry and filbert are from Pontus; the citron from Media; the peach and the walnut from Persia; the plum from Syria; the pomegranate from Cyprus; the quince from Sidon; the olive and fig tree from Greece, as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here; the apricot is from Armenia.

[*New Month. Mag.*

IMPROVEMENT IN SPECTACLE.

It is said, that a theatre, of truly gigantic dimensions, is about to be erected in Paris. The stage will be one hundred feet high, and three hundred feet deep. The dramas performed in this new theatre are all to be of the romantic kind: the scenes will be laid on mountains, in valleys, beside torrents, and sometimes in the clouds. The opening piece will have the following attractive title: *The unknown Spirit of the Mysterious Grotto, or the immense Vacuum of the Solitude of the Desert.* Each box will be provided with a telescope!!!

Poetry.

THE PORTRAIT—(ANACREONTIC.)

Master of the mimic art,
Paint the idol of my heart,
Who first taught my soul to prove
The delights and pains of love.
Let her flaxen curls o'erflow
A brow that shames untrodden snow,
But a somewhat darker dye
Give the arch of either eye;
And the light, that glimmers thro'
Their lashes, be the summer blue;
Soft and tender as when Even
Trembles thro' the dewy heaven.
Give her cheek the rosy glow
Of sunset on a hill of snow,
Mixing till the cheated sight
Knows not where their hues unite;
But can words the charms express
Of her lips soft loveliness!
Yes the cherry's ripened dye
Some faint emblem may supply;
But her bosom's heaving white
Veil, oh! veil it from the sight!
That she fain from all beside
But her Poet friend would hide;
And—but hold whom do I see,
"Hebe?" No, it cannot be;
Clara's self is here portrayed—
This—this is my chosen maid.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby! sleep!
 Not in thy cradle bed,
 Not on thy mother's breast
 Henceforth shall be thy rest,
 But with the quiet dead.
 Yes—with the quiet dead,
 Baby, thy rest shall be.
 Oh! many a weary wight,
 Weary of life and light,
 Would fain lie down with thee.
 Flee, little tender nursling!
 Flee to thy grassy nest;
 There the first flowers shall blow,
 The first pure flake of snow
 Shall fall upon thy breast.
 Peace! peace! the little bosom
 Labours with short'ning breath—
 Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
 Speaks his departure nigh—
 Those are the damps of death.
 I've seen thee in thy beauty,
 A thing all health and glee;
 But never then wert thou
 So beautiful, as now,
 Baby! thou seem'st to me.
 Thine up-turn'd eyes glazed over,
 Like hare-bells wet with dew;
 Already veil'd and hid
 By the convulsed lid,
 Their pupils darkly blue.
 Thy little mouth half open—
 The soft lip quivering,
 As if (like summer air
 Ruffling the rose leaves) there
 Thy soul were fluttering.
 Mount up, immortal essence!
 Young spirit! haste, depart—
 And is this death!—Dread Thing!
 If such thy visiting,
 How beautiful thou art!
 Oh! I could gaze for ever
 Upon that waxen face:
 So passionless! so pure!
 The little shrine was sure
 An Angel's dwelling place.
 Thou weepst childless Mother!
 Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart—
 He was thy first-born Son,
 Thy first, thine only one,
 'Tis hard from him to part!
 'Tis hard to lay thy darling
 Deep in the damp cold earth—
 His empty crib to see,
 His silent nursery,
 Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
 His small mouth's rosy kiss;
 Then, waken'd with a start
 By thine own throbbing heart,
 His twining arms to miss!
 To feel (half conscious why)
 A dull, heart-sinking weight,
 Till mem'ry on thy soul
 Flashes the painful whole,
 That thou art desolate!
 And then to lie and weep,
 And think the livelong night
 (Feeding thine own distress
 With accurate greediness)
 Of every past delight;—
 Of all his winning ways,
 His pretty playful smiles,
 His joy at sight of thee,
 His tricks, his mimicry,
 And all his little wiles!
 Oh! these are recollections
 Round mother's hearts that cling—
 That mingle with the tears
 And smiles of after years,
 With oft awakening.
 But thou wilt then, fond Mother!
 In after years, look back,
 (Time brings such wondrous easing,)
 With sadness not unpleasing,
 E'en on this gloomy track.—
 Thou'lt say—"My first-born blessing!
 It almost broke my heart
 When thou wert forced to go,
 And yet, for thee, I know
 'Twad better to depart.
 "God took thee in his mercy,
 A lamb, untask'd, untried;
 He fought the fight for thee,
 He won the victory,
 And thou art sanctified!
 "I look around, and see
 The evil ways of men;
 And, oh! beloved child!
 I'm more than reconciled
 To thy departure then.
 "The little arms that clasped me,
 The innocent lips that prest—
 Would they have been as pure
 Till now, as when of yore,
 I lull'd thee on my breast?
 "Now (like a dew-drop shrined
 Within a crystal stone)
 Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
 Safe with the Source of Love,
 The Everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives
 From flesh that sets me free,
 Thy spirit may await,
 The first at heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me."

[Blackwood's Mag